THE BOURBON NEWS

(Nineteenth Year-Established 1881.) Published every Tuesday and Friday by WALTER CHAMP, | Editors and Owners

A CLERICAL GAME WARDEN.

Michigan's Odd Official Lives with His Dogs, Fishes, Hunts and Sabsists Upon the Results.

Calboan county, Mich., boasts of the only clergyman game warden in America, Rev. Isaac Collier, who is known throughout the state as Henry D. Thoreau, of Michigan, as he has for many years lived alone with his dogs in a cottage on the shore of Goguac lake, summer, winter and every sea son, spending his time in fishing and hunting and in the study of books and nature.

A passionate regard for nature has led this unique clergyman to live among the flowers and trees, the birds and animals of the woods. Years of botanical training made it possible for him to understand the flowers which he plucks by the roadside or in the fields or forests. Never does a day pass that the venerable character, with his fishpole, may not be seen wending his way to the water's edge for his cus tomary fish. His expert knowledge of angling makes him known among fishermen as "Our Izaak Walton," and he lives out his title. Not only does he fish, but he studies his prey. He knows the fish and their habits, and is at home saw with one exception-a man conamong them.

a contented man. He subsists entirely upon the results of his hunting and Briefly, his faults were these: fishing. He not only sells his fish for the few groceries and supplies which he requires, but he is fond of them as a regular diet. He is his own cook His tea he makes from the wild plant blossoms known as the Jersey tea, and the only coffee which he uses is made from the hickory nuts which he gath- hriveling nature. Scientists would ers. Above all, he is hale, hearty and have called him a study of degeneracy. he questioned, weakly. have passed. But he says: "I live close to nature, and so I do live, not exist."

Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Sy riac. French and modern languages are read by the quaint character, and no matter how busy a day he has spent among his fish friends he closes it by reading a chapter in his Greek Testament. Apart from the world, he never neglects his religion, and studies religious questions of modern and ancient

Rev. Isaac Collier was born in Greene county, N. Y., and in his mere child hood he astonished his parents by declaring his intention to enter the min istry. He took a course of study in the Coxsackie (N. Y.) academy, and then the grammar school at New Brunswick, N. J. He received his diploma from Rutgers college, following this by a three years' theological course, His first call was to Coeymans, on the Hudson river, where he preached for five years. In 1866 he entered upon his duties as pastor of the Dutch Reformed church of Battle Creek, leaving in 1871 for Richboro, Pa., on a like call where he remained 14 years, returning to preach as a Congregationalist in the Augusta church. After his return to Battle Creek he took up his Thoreaulike life, and has continued ever since in this plan of living.

He has just been appointed game warden for Calhoun county by Stat Warden Chase Osborne, and announces emphatically that he will use the same rigor in the fulfillment of the law as in the expounding of the Scriptures and the traveling of the woods for nature study. No one can fail to understand why he is called the Henry D. Thoreau of Michigan.-Chicago Inter Ocean.

SHOOTING STARS.

Some Facts Concerning Them Whie Have Been Ascertained by Astronomers.

The present state of science does not admit yet of our knowing whether the contact of the shooting stars and aerolites has had any effect at all on the earth's motion. But we can as sume that in the process of time the amount of shooting stars and meteors will decrease. For any given group of the former it is almost certain that it was once more conspicuous than it is to-day and that it is growing less as the periodic returns pass on. Of course in this assumption we must take into tention-very properly-all except Foaccount variations of density at differ- garty. To my bewilderment he slipped ent parts of the steadily moving current, variations which can produce showers that are now more dense and now more sparse. For this reason the constant enumeration of shooting stars becomes quite important, since this alone will teach us in the long run whether or not the phenomenon is really losing in richness, and if it is to what degree and under the sway of what laws.

When a shooting star breaks into flame in our atmosphere, the residuum of the combustion remains in the air, and can be found in what is known as atmospheric dust. The virgin snow of tling things made in roots and sand and the polar regions was often seen to in soldiers. We turned our faces up be spotted with traces of dust which contained particles of iron. Like particles are found on church towers and which caked in our throats. We elsewhere. Among the minute bodies propped up our heads with empty canthat dance in the sun's rays there are certainly particles of shooting stars. The sands of the African deserts when examined by a microscope present traces of very small iron particles which seem to have been subjected to a high temperature, and the Challenger on its remarkable trip in the Atlantic cursed at huskily-the terrible sun of found at times in its drag-net frag- Cuba. It put a throbbing weight in our ments of magnetic iron which we have heads. It made us laugh. It bound out him and watched. every reason to believe fell from the sky. Sir William Thompson (Lord Kelvin) and Richter have even seen in the stench of the ground. That stench, aerolites the disseminators of the which the sun made, is fever. It filled germs of life throughout the universe. our stomachs, our lungs and our brains. -- O. F. Bianco, in Chaute quan.

TWILIGHT REVERIE.

Though the Light's dim shadows falling Have blurred the light. To you dear, my heart is calling-Calling to-night.

Though no more the sunlight glistens In sky of blue. In the shadows one still listens, Longing for you.

And memory-artist of truth-Paints one dear face-A face that's fair and pure in youth-Radiant in grace.

Surely death cannot enthrall you, Making you dumb To my voice, dear, when I call you-Call you to come?

Mother-mother. Can't you hear me? Do those cold skies Hold the spirit that would near me? Oh, are your eyes

To earth's sorrows and pities blind? Have you no word, No token, dear, that human mind May know you've heard?

. . Only silence. Breaths from mead-Lone have found me.

Mystic silence-and the shadows Close around me. -Etta Wallace Miller, in Atlanta Consti-

The Fever's Fifth Man

By W. L. Comfort

TOGARTY was the heaviest and most deprayed man in the troop. Moreover, he had the reddest face I ever nected with political adjustments back A strange place is his cottage, un- in my native burg. Maybe I wrong lathed, unplastered, but the home of Fogarty. It depends upon the point of view from which one scans depravity.

He terrorized recruits. Following each pay day, he flirted with serpentine combinations until broke. He was utterly devoid of reverence or moral conreption. He cursed incessantly, exeruting weird flourishes and introducing innovations of the most nervehealthy, although 68 years of his life Cavalrymen deemed him only superlicially depraved because he threw away money and loved his horse. Mint Julep was the horse's name.

Now I was a recruit and in Fogarty's iquad. No man or boy is a rational being during his first month in the cavalry service. Veterans say their marked success in life is due to it-or their failure. A recruit has much to learn, but first of all he must overcome the If-mamma-could-only-see-me-now expression his face is prone to assume. He learns that it is unprofitable to expatiate upon the rich appointments of his residence far away, and upon the princely salary he threw up. He learns to grin while his trousers are sticking to his legs, because they are chafed and bloody from bareback riding in the bull-ring. He learns that the United States commissariat does not supply pie, silken hose or scented pillows. He learns the peculiar devilishness of southern army camps in sultry weather. He learns to eat flies and other strange things-and to eat them in vicious sunshine. He learns what a terror the rainy season is for one who can't get in out of it for several reasons. He learns to chew holes in his tongue when a superior officer calls him a disgrace to his country and other expressive things. He learns how insignificant It is possible for a human atom to be He learns to laugh at the whole business and write home how strong and

happy he is. Some recruits never get rational They take things seriously. They mutter: "God help me," and bad things about wars and armies.

I enlisted about the time poems on the Maine became unpopular. Fogarty applied a system of ghoulish torture to make me miserable. I concluded that he was a cunningly-constructed object for my hatred, and that his heart was packed in ice. What I concluded about army life in general I kept to myself, thereby scoring a hit.

One evening I won a foot race and found myself a friend of Fogarty's. Old soldiers are fond of physical demonstrations. He was in my set of fours on troop drill the next morning. Naturally, my horse had it in for me, because it was only a tilty, trembly, recruit, and the bridle did not fit. Several officers had already directed stereotyped call-downs at me. The troop halted for a moment while horsemen formed on our right. We stood at atdown from his mount, deftly and quick ly tightened my bridle on both sides of the curb and stepped over his horse again, whispering:

"Give me a chew tobacco, Kid." He had risked reprimand to do me a good turn, and the ice packing which I pictured about his heart oozed out of my mind forever.

We were on the skirmish line together, crawling up the drenched hill in front of Santiag', Fogarty and I We heard the droning death whistle which is thrown from Mauser barrels. and saw the punctures which the whiswhen it rained, and gaped like lizards do. We tried to cough out the sand teens when neck muscles collapsed. We burned our hands on the barreis of our cwn carbines. Cartridge belts burned our waists. We did not mind any of

these things. We knew nothing-felt nothing but the heat. It was the sunshine that we limbs. It mixed the stifling smoke of powder with the steaming, choking

along the firing line, I used Fugarty's mess plate to pile up the sand in front of me. Mine was thrown away. And Three Steamers Didn't Understand The Great Tragedy That Was Enacted when it was night I smoked half of Fogarty's last pipeful, and after that I rolled over on to half of Fogarty's blanket. Mine was thrown away.

"Thank God, we didn't get punctured this day," I muttered. It was night and silent about. The Red Cross men were busy.

"I'm too tired to give a care, Kid," said Fogarty.

A couple of days later I awoke in the morning feeling stiff and tired. We were encamped about the city. At noon my face burned and I did not answer mess call. I wanted to sleep. At four o'clock Fogarty felt my cheeks.

"Fil tell the tap-sergeant to let you pound the bunk awhile longer," he said.

The next day I was in the hospital, feeling hot and thirsty and hungry all at once. The air in the hospital tent was full of groans and the odor of drugs. It was also stifling. The boys about me had felt the weight of a locomotive concentrated into a Mauser ball. To me Fogarty said:

"Kid, you've got the fever." After that I did not see him for six weeks, because I was sent back to the States on a hospital transport. I had reached the furlough stage, which means that delirium was over, and that my fever had flickered out, leaving only half of me and a disreputable appetite -when Fogarty came. I had no clothes to go on furlough with-nething but a tattered shirt and a debilitated pair of

cavalry trousers; and the worst of it

was I could not get any. It is not hard for me to recall the events of that night when Fogarty came. I was watching the Red Cross men unload a hospital train. A proces sion of stretchers was passing from the cars to the fever tents. Some of the sick men had been forced to walk. Had I not seen others staggering through the twilight, I would have said that Fogarty was drunk again. He dragged a huge blanket roll.

"Well, Kid, where's your other part?"

I really embraced him that night-Fogarty, the profane, the red-faced. And when he told me that he had brought along a bundle of my clothes from camp, I could not speak for my voice cords were numb. I only whimpered. Fever leaves one childish-weak, you know.

Fogarty had lugged along my things with his own-and he a sick man. He had remembered me after six weeksremembered me who was only a recruit I tell you, gentlemen, there are men in Uncle Sam's cavalry.

That night Fogarty stretched his great body out on a mattress-a real one-for the first time in two months His feet protruded through the iron rods at the lower end of the bedstead.

"Are those women going to be here?" He pointed to a couple of nurses. !

"Why, it's a cinch to bave the fevers here, ain't it, Kid?"

His tongue was dry like it was on the Cuban hills that day. A beam of the low white moon looked in through the flap of the tent and rested on Fogarty's hands. It made them seem pallid, but his face was very hot and red.

An ugly fever is typhoid. It chars one's brain and body with slow flame. It stretches the eyelids wide apart. In white heat. It turns one into a helpless animal that feels only an incurable thirst and a craving stomach-an animal that moans for ice water when the nurse is busy wrapping up a dead man in the next cot-a staring-eyed animal that knows there are such things as home and friends and death, but cares not. Listlessly he watches a companion fall into that chilled sleep.

Typhoid plays with four men and gets earnest with the fifth-fatally earnest. The moon was high when ! left Fogarty that night.

A couple of weeks later he looked at me hard one morning. It was going badly with him.

"Why don't you go home?" he asked, tenderly. It wasn't like the old Fogarty's voice. "Haven't got a furlough yet," I said,

lying. The papers were eight days old already. "Haven't got a hat, either," I continued. I had been wearing Fogarty's. Mine was lost. "Take care of this 'dough' for me, will

you, Kid! I didn't have time to blow a - red. It gets my nerve with this thirst."

pushed me away. "Keep the hat you got on, Kid."

I could barely hear his voice. His face was not very red now. How wished he could see the pain inside of me for him. "Keep the hat you got on, Kid. I'll get another if I don't ercak."

The doctor hung around Fogarty's cot the next night. The nurse had drawn a chair close to him. I held a lantern near. The rain clouds were venting themselves outside.

"Watch out for Mint Julep. Kid." mumbled poor Fogarty. He was not looking at me. His eyes stared at the sleeping flies on top of the tent. His eyelids were far apart.

the Kid-both - good fellows. * *. * Nope-not drinking a thing-sworn off -ask the Kid. Oh, I forgot, the Kid's into a snow bank." gone home to his mother-got sick, you know-nice little chap, the Kid-make | pretty gir! on the right. a good soldier. Gone home-way up north-to his mother."

The nurse fanned him. His eyes still stared at the sleeping files. The nurse knew then that Fogarty was picked out for a fifth man. Silently she fanned

Not long after that Fogarty was mustered out of the service.

And all this is to show how I peered made, and saw a great warm heart .- be so proud of it."-Chicago Post. When the command "Rest" was heard | Detrait Free Press.

MYSTERIOUS LIGHT AT SEA.

It, But the Prince of Monaco Knew.

The prince of Monaco has been known since 1885 as an enthusiastic prisoned, within sight of the South student of the sea and its various forms | American coast and 27 miles from of life. He usually spends his summers | Cavenne, French Guiana, is known as lems, and his cruises have on some oc- three islands in the little group are easions been extended almost to the known together as Salvation islands coasts of America. A short time ago (Hes de Salut). The contrast between he delivered a lecture before the Royal | these names is certainly striking, and Geographical society in London, in the way in which they became applied To Lexington-7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; which he told this incident:

Biscay, he sank the trap in which he dies in colonization that ever occurred. collected specimens of sea life. It went to the bottom in over 12,000 feet of dure, but in the carly days of French water, and as night approached he fas tened to the wire attached to it an electric buoy and then stood off a mile or so. It did not happen to occur to him | them. They were named Iles du Diable, ers plying between northern Europe til thousands of wretched immigrants that he was right in the track of steam- and were thought to be of no value unand the Mediterranean, but he was reminded of the fact later.

As he and his 14 sailors were watch ing with a good deal of satisfaction the swaying buoy with its brilliant illumlnation a steamer's lights came into view. It was soon evidenced that the steamer course and made for the light. She pelled to cede Canada to England, and far from land and so determined to her public men to replace the lost terwithin a quarter of a mile of the buoy, France" and sending thither fleet after ed ahead, perhaps a little disgusted at managed enterprise was never known. the incident that had lured her several The men who aroused in France enmiles out of her course.

be evidence of a disaster. Just as the America. It was thought, also, that in to render what assistance she could. | who provided these means of diversion,

prince feared a collision as the three vessels approached the light like moths | made for landing and housing the seting by for a few minutes, went on their | took care to remain in France. way and probably never learned the cause of that night's illumination at

after from exhibiting his electric buoy on any of the much traveled ocean routes .- N. Y. Sun.

INDIAN AFFECTIONATENESS.

There Is Much of It Shown in the Everyday Lives of the So-Called Savages.

Indians are not ashamed to show their affection to one another. Chums who have been separated for any length of time, are likely, when they meet, to put their arms around and hug and kiss one another. Often two young men will be seen standing or sitting close together and holding hands, or with the arm of one about the neck of the other My old father among the Blackfeet al ways puts his arms around me and hugs me when we meet after an absence. the middle of the day it glows to a The purely social side of life in an Indian camp could not fail to interest anyone who might be introduced to it.

In the family relation the Indian shows a side which is attractive. He loves his wife and family as we love ours, and he thinks of them before thinking of himself. But besides the natural affection that any animal has for its young the Indian cares for his children for another reason. He is intensely patriotic. His pride in his tribe and its achievements is very strong. He glories in the prowess of its braves and the wisdom of its chiefs; his soul thrills as he hears told over and over again the stories of the victories which his people have won over their enemies; he rejoices at the return of a successful war party. In the children growing up in the camp, in the boys shooting the blunt-headed arrows at the blackbirds and ground squirrels, or yelling and shouting with excitement in the mimic warfares which constitute a part of their sport; in the girls whom he sees nursing their puppies or helping their mothers at their work, he recognizes those who a few years hence must bear the responsibilities of the tribe, uphold its past glories or protect it He gave me his last month's pav. from danger, as he and his ancestors Fogarty was getting hot, and the nurse have done. No wonder he loves them. Indians seldom punish their children, vet usually these are well trained, though chiefly by advice and counsel. When a tiny little boy, who has just received his first bow and arrows, starts out of the lodge to play with his fellows, his mother is likely to say to him: "Be careful, now; do not do anything bad, do not hit anyone, do not shoot anyone with your arrows. You may hurt people with those things, if you are not careful. Pay attention to what I say.' "-George Bird Grinnell, in

It Was a Startler.

"Yes," he said, "we were out sleigh riding lawst evening, and Miss Milli "They'll be good friends-Julep and was driving, and she didn't hold me in very tight, you know, and the sleigh struck a rut and I went head over heels

"Didn't it startle you?" queried the "Yaas," he answered, "it gave me quite a turn!"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Way to Tell. "They are engaged," she had said, after having watched the couple across

the aisle for some time. "Why do you say engaged instead of married?" he asked.

"Well, after a woman is married she still exhibits the same proprietary inunder the veneer, which environment terest in a man, but she doesn't seem to | truly, I won't beat it only when you are

DREYFUS' ISLAND HOME.

in Its Neighborhood that Cost About 12,000 Lives.

The island on which Dreyfus is imin the study of oceanographic prob | Devil's island (He du Diable), while the to these little rocks is interesting, and One afternoon, while in the Bay of calls to mind one of the greatest trage- To Richmond-11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.;

The islands have considerable ver-Guiana they had a 1 Jutation for steri'ity which they did not deserve, and on this account no use was made of from France who were perishing argong the pestilential swamps on the Kourou river fled to them in the hope that they might escape death.

It was in 1763 that about 13,000 person; from Alsace, Lorraine and Saintonge were landed on the banks of the was curious to know the meaning of Kou;ou. France was smarting under the illumination, for she altered ber the aumiliation of having been com- ar Philadelphia 10:15am 7:05pm knew that no fishing boats came cut so the oright idea occurred to some of solve the mystery. Up she came to ritory by dubbing Guians. "Equatorial Ar Lexington 8:00am 5:20pm 7:35am 3:45pm slowed up for a minute, and then start- fleet of colonists. A more cruelly misthusiasm for emigration knew nothing She had hardly got away when a whatever of the country to which they second steamer came into view, and invited the poor victims. They recalled she, too, bore down upon the lighted | that in Canada the French had greatly buoy. The marines on the prince's enjoyed the sport of skating, and acvessel understood by this time that the cordingly a large supply of skates was illumination was probably believed to sent with the colonists to tropical prince's steamer was moving up to ex- | their leisure hours they would require plain matters she was nearly run down amusement, and so a company of actors by one of the large liners in the orien- was sent on one of the ships to build a tal trade, which had also left her course | theater in Equatorial France. Those The swell was very heavy, and the however, forgot to send sufficient food supplies, and no arrangements were around a candle. He therefore veered | tlers. The Chevalier de Turgot, who off and the other vessel, after stand- was appointed leader of the expedition.

The unhappy victims of this blunder began to perish by thousands; and they thought that if they could only get But the incident gave the prince a away from the plague spot where they pointer. He carefully refrained there- had landed they might have a chance to live. They were told that the three slands which they saw off shore were the Hes du Diable, and that they were worth nothing for human uses. least," cried the poor unfortunates in their desperation, "they are swept by ocean breezes. There is no poison in Arr Paris c the air among those islands. We will call them the Iles du Salut, for we may hope that they will save us from utter extinction."

This is how it happened that the hree islands came to be known an Salvation islands and the name har lung to them ever since. As a group they are known by no other name. The immigrants gathered up what was left of the supply of provisions and 3,360 men, women and children, all that were left of the 13,000 who had landed on the neighboring coast, crowded upon the narrow, rocky area which could comfortably hold only about 400 persons. They landed on the islands without shelter or clothing, and being exposed to bad weather and having only the scantiest supply of food their suffering was great and most of them died on the rocks which they had hoped would help to save their lives. A few hundred of them at last succeeded in getting back to the French port from

which they had sailed. The Salvation islands were not occupied again until 1852, when the transport of convicts to Guiana began. Saint Joseph and the Ile Royal now form the convict station proper. On Engish maps the three islands are called the Salut islands, and the name Ile du Diable, originally extended over the group, now applies only to the island on which Dreyfus is a prisoner, and which is occupied only by him and his

The islands are of about the same rea. They form the apexes of a tri ingle, and between them are deep channels where large vessels may ride at anchor or lie moored to the shore. They have little wood or water, but rain is stored in cisterns. The shores are rocky, and here and there jut out into promontories and cliffs. From Devil's island Dreyfus may plainly see the other two slands and the mainland, only seven miles away.-N. Y. Sun.

Geese with Shoes. It is not generally known that in

Prague there exists a goose "bourse," where yearly some 3,000,000 geese change hands. Its most active time lasts generally from about six to eight weeks, from the middle of September till the first days of November. During this time immense flocks of geese are driven into the suburbs, especially from the districts lying on the right oank of the Weischel. These are then conducted at night over the bridges to the Jewish quarters, the trade being principally in the hands of the Isrealtes. As the geese are driven in from long distances they are "shod," that is | of for a case we accept for treatment and co to say, walked repeatedly over patches of far mixed with fine sand. This forms a hard crust on the feet of the geese, and they, thus "shod," are able to cover immense distances without fatigue .-Bucharest Rumanische Lloyd.

Fair Terms. George-Papa, I want you to buy me

drum, like all the other boys have. Father-No, you would make too much noise. There would be no living n the house with you.

"But, papa, I promise, really and ssicep."-Brooklyn Life.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

L. & N. R. R.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS :

From Cincinnati-10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:10 p. m. From Lexington-5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.

From Richmond-5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m. From Maysville--7:42 a. m.: 3:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS :

To Cincinnati-J:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m. 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.

10:16 p. m. To Maysville-7:50 a. m.: 6:35 p. m. F. B. CARR, Agent,

TIME TABLE. EAST BOUND.

Ly Louisville 8:30am 6:00pm

Ar Lexington 11:15am 8:40pm Lv Lexington.....11:25am 8:50pm 8:30am 5:50pm Lv Winchester....11:58am 9:23pm 9:15am 6:30pm Ar Mt. Sterling...12:25pm 9:50pm 9:50am 7:05pm Ar Washington... 6:57am 3:40pm

WEST BOUND.

Ar New York......12:40n'n 9:08pm

Ar Winchester 7:30am 4:50pm 6:55am 2:50pm Ar Frankfort 9:11am 6:30pm Ar Shelbyville 10:01am 7:20pm Ar Louisville11:00am 8:15pm

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8 40am | 5 10pm | WEST BOUND

10 43am 6 32pm Lve Stamping Gr'nd IC 50am | 6 39pm | 8 22am 11 00 am 6 49pm 8 40am 11 07am 6 56pm 8 55am Lve Elkhorn

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Arr Frankfort a

11 20am 7 10pm 9 15am

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P.M. | A.M. | 3:40 7:00 Lv Frankfort . . Ar 11:20 7:10 4:2 7:50 Lv . . Georgetowa . . Ar 10:28 6:17 Paris . . . Lv 9:30 5:40 . Maysville . Ly 5:45 1:25 6.16 11:42 Ar . . Winchester . Lv 7:09 2:55 . Lv 6:20 2:00 7:20 1:00 Ar . . . Richmond .

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men are troubled with this disease-many unconsciously. They may have a smart-ing sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight dis-charge, difficulty in commencing, weak organs, emissions, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRIC-TURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you, by cutting, stretching, or tearing you. This will not care you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREAT-MENT absorbs the stricture tissue; hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strength

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men are having their sexual vigor an vitality continually sapped by this dis ease. They are frequently unconscient of the cause of these symptoms. Genera Weakness, Unnatural Discharges, Failing Manhood, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Irritability, at time: Smarting Sen-sation, Sunken Eyes, with dark circles, Weak Back, General Depression, Lack of Ambition, Varicoccle, Shrunker Parts, etc. GLEET and STRICTURE may be the cause. Don't consult family doctors, as they have no experience in these special diseases don't allow Quacks to experiment on you. Consult Specialists, who have made a life study of METHOD TREATHENT will posi-tively cure you. One thousand dollars

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